

The First Experiment by Marzbarz44

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Summary:

Terry Ives was Dr. Brenner's original experiment. We see the process they both go through as 001 lives some of the same situations and abuse that we know eight and eleven had to endure during their time at Hawkins.

The First Experiment

August 10, 1970

Terry Ives looked up at Hawkins Lab and let out a long breath. Today was the day that she started her training with Dr. Brenner. She knew as she walked through the gates, stretching far above her head, that she should be nervous, or at least curious about what was going to happen. She hadn't gotten much information on the study she was about to take part in, about to be the first subject of, but, at just twenty-two, she knew she needed the money.

Now, meeting doctor Brenner for the first time, she felt almost relieved. With a charming smile stretched across his face, he stuck out one large hand and introduced himself.

"Have a seat please," he continues, the smile never leaving his face, "I would like to review my information before we begin." After what seemed like days and she had answered all of Dr. Brenner's questions in excruciating detail, he laid his pad down, stood swiftly up, and waved her to follow as he strode out of the room. Terry noticed, even with all the descriptions she had given, the page open on the pad had only three lines:

PROJECT MKULTRA

Name: Theresa Ives

Age: 21

Sex: F

Test Subject: 001

November 10, 1970

Terry had visited Hopkins National Laboratory every day for the last three months and as she strolled through the gates on this day she had a slight grin displayed on her face. She hadn't made much progress in her portion of the study, at least not the kind that doctor Brenner had expected of her, but she had a good feeling about today. She walked to the familiar room, empty except for a single chair facing a large glass window and a small book on the floor, and saw the familiar face of Dr. Brenner.

"We have something new to try today Terry. We need to get this rolling, so we brought you something to help." Terry remained calm

as Dr. Brenner strapped her to the chair, a routine she had become quite comfortable with, but her stomach filled with nerves when he pulled out a small piece of paper.

“Now. Place this under your tongue. Trust me. I wouldn’t hurt you,” he coaxed, stroking her hair with his free hand. She did as he asked and he left the room, soon appearing on the other side of the glass. Terry waited, soon enough she discovered a change. She could see rainbows around the room. It must’ve shown on her face because almost immediately Dr. Brenner’s voice came over the speaker.

“Now Terry. Let’s get to work. Can you move the book for me?” She couldn’t even with the help Dr. Brenner had given her, she could not move the book. Exhausted, Terry closed her eyes, trying to focus on the task at hand. She found that as the drugs kicked in she could no longer focus only on the book.

Within minutes of the rainbows appearing, she got a strange feeling, and when opening her eyes, was shocked to be staring at herself with the wide cuffs still strapped around her wrists and ankles, eyes glazed over, and a small dot of blood beginning to drip from her nose. Her mind became a thing of its own, leaving her body behind to sit dazed in the chair. She made her way, slowly, getting a feel for this new sensation, across the room to the closed book. She imagined herself crouched, flipping open the book to the page with the bookmark. But she didn’t stop there. Setting off to the large window, Terry made her way, not through the door, but instead the wall, and past Dr. Brenner, mouth agape, focused only on the knobs lined up behind him. She turned one, and then another, still moving slowly, not sure why the urge for this was so intense. But then it all stopped, there was a moment of frozen time, and then she was pulled, forcefully, back into the body, once again strapped tightly to the laboratory chair.

With a sudden gasp, Terry snapped back into her body, and through the glass she could see Dr. Brenner, jaw dropped and eyes wide open, staring in shock and amazement at her. A loud screech filled the room just before Dr. Brenner’s excited voice flooded out of the speaker and filled the small room.

“Terry!” he exclaimed, “That was perfect! You moved the book and changed the station. You did well today.”

And with those words, the lab’s assistants came into the room to

unstrap her from the chair and let her rest. She was proud of herself. She had finally achieved what she had been working so hard towards. She had moved the object with her mind. Her feeling had come true, today had been a good day. A trail of blood dripped from her nose.

February 10, 1971

For many months the drugs worked, but then, they didn't. Dr. Brenner started asking more of her. He wanted her to pick up heavier objects and to do more than just move something. He wanted her to create something, to find someone. She couldn't do those things, and he would get mad when she failed. She was beginning to see a side of him she hadn't before, a side that started to scare her. Dr. Brenner started having his assistants feed her more and more of the drug that had worked miracles before, trying to get her to accomplish the tasks at hand. He would yell when she couldn't, and storm out when she gave up. Finally, he told her they needed to try something new, she would still have to take the drugs, but they were going to add to it. She nodded in agreement, willing to do whatever she needed to make sure she was successful in her part so that he could be successful in his and so that she could make him happy.

After her agreement, she followed closely behind Dr. Brenner to a room she had never been in before. This room was much different than the one she already knew so well. It had a tank in the middle, full of water, with stairs leading up to it. Dr. Brenner gave her a nude suit, strapped with packs of something between the fabric.

"Put this on," Dr. Brenner instructed before turning to gaze at the tank. She did as she was told and upon returning to the room, she was lead up the stairs. The assistant explained what was going to happen. She would stand on a platform, get her miracle drugs, and be lowered into the water with a helmet. Then her task would begin, it was the same as always, just this time she would be underwater. She was supposed to find a man and remember the words he was saying to tell Dr. Brenner when she got back to the surface. She would be safe they told her, she didn't know if she believed them, but she tried it anyway. The familiar paper was placed in her mouth, and as the drugs began to kick in Dr. Brenner's assistants lowered her into the water to let the drugs do their work.

It was all dark. Terry's mind was floating around trying to find its

way to the man she was looking for, but the darkness and the silence of the surrounding water made it harder than usual. She couldn't see the rainbows she usually followed, she couldn't see anything, not even her body, standing at the bottom of the tank. So her mind just floated. There was nothing she could do trapped here in the silence. The drugs weren't working like they usually did. She felt her mind separate from her body, but it couldn't achieve the miracles she usually could when she was floating, high on the drugs. After what seemed like ages there was the familiar pull, forcing her mind back into her body.

Terry gasped and opened her eyes, forgetting where she was. For a moment she panicked and started to struggle. Gasping for air and reaching for the surface, Terry didn't care that the assistants told her she would be safe, she needed out of that tub. In the midst of her struggle, she felt the platform below jerk and begin to move upwards. The second she made it out of the tank she yanked off the helmet and fell to her knees, exhausted and scared. She couldn't do it, even as hard as she tried, she could never do it. There were limits to what she could accomplish, and because of them, she couldn't make Dr. Brenner happy like she had before. Today she had done nothing. Today there was no blood trickling from her nose.

March 10, 1971

Terry walked into Hopkins with a solemn look on her face. She had to tell Dr. Brenner she couldn't take the drugs anymore and she knew he would be disappointed in her. He already wasn't happy that she couldn't do what he asked of her and she knew this would make him so much more upset. She already knew it, but she had to tell him, and she was scared for how he would react. Sitting in the same spot she had seven months ago when she first started this study, she looked down at the table and told him the news she was dreading.

"I am pregnant," she whispered, never meeting his eyes. He knew this meant she could not take the drugs anymore. He called for his assistant in a voice that sent a shiver up Terry's spine and sent a tear down her cheek.

"Take her away," he growled, as Terry saw him cross out her name on his notepad, flip to a new page and write a single word in his bold, steady handwriting.

KIDS?